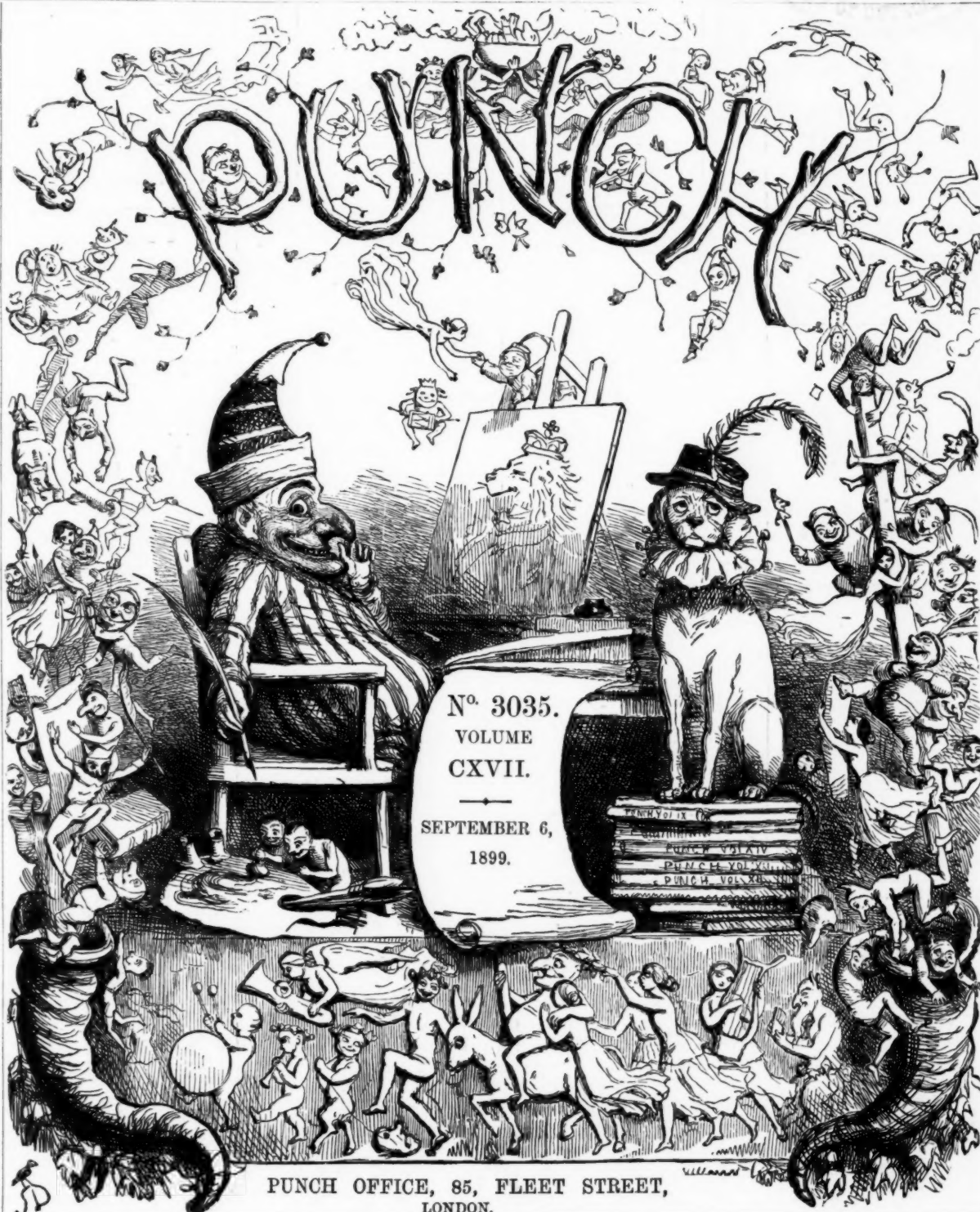


CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

275 GOLD MEDALS, &c.
FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

"The richest in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents."—Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

THE type from which "PUNCH" is now being printed has been cast by the

WICKS ROTARY TYPE-CASTING COMPANY, LD.,

154-155, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND CAVENDISH

Co., Ltd.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

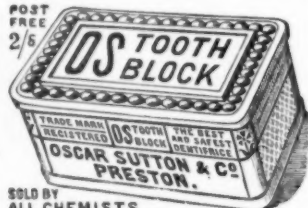
ACARIC BRACES

ONCE WORN—ALWAYS WORN.

But not that you get them. Unless the word ACARIC appears on the Buckles you are being deceived.

Sent Post Free in Great Britain on receipt of P.O. 4s. to CENTRAL DEPOT, F. DUFFY & PHILIP LANE, LONDON, E.C. Retailers can procure from all leading wholesale houses, or from WELCH, MARGENTON & CO., Moor Lane, London, E.C.

POST FREE 2/6



SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

A Medium Mild Indian Cigar, 3d. each.

Five Gold Medals.

'FLOR DE DINDIGUL'

Wholesome, Delightful, & Fragrant.

BEWLEY & CO., 49, STRAND, W.C.

OVERTIRED?

Take a Bath to which a little CONDY'S FLUID

HAS BEEN ADDED. The Invigorating Effect is Magical. All Substitutes are inferior. Insist on buying 'CONDY'S FLUID.' Of all Chemists and Stores at 1/- per bottle.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes. Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair. Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing. Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites. Invigorating in Hot Climates. Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc. SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."

ASK FOR MAPPIN & WEBB'S PRINCE'S PLATE. (REGD.) "HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.,

Sydenham House, 65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

"OMNE TEMPUS" Hygienic CLOTH Substitute for Mackintosh.

This Cloth is impervious to water but not to air. Much has lately been heard of the mischievous effects resulting from cloths that are water-proofed with deleterious ingredients. The "Omne Tempus" is absolutely free from any matter that could in the slightest degree injure the wearer or the fabric. It is



Absolutely WATERPROOF.

" POROUS. " WELL FITTING. " INNOCUOUS. " ODOURLESS.

"OMNE TEMPUS" Coat (as sketch), Regd., &c.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC MARKSMEN.

THE No. 2 and No. 4 SPECIAL BULL'S-EYE KODAKS

are cameras of the simple, ever-ready box-pattern, and require no unfolding when a photograph is to be taken. They take splendid photographs—snap-shots or time exposures. No dark room is needed for changing the films. Prices £3 3s. and £4 4s. Particulars post free. KODAK, Limited, 43 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. Retail Branches: 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford St., W.; 171-173 Regent St. W.

NO CAMERA IS A KODAK UNLESS MADE BY KODAK LIMITED.

FORTNUM & MASON.

By Appointment to The QUEEN and H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES.

SPECIALITIES FOR INVALIDS IN GLASS.

CALVES FEET JELLY. BEEF JELLY. TURTLE JELLY. CHICKEN JELLY.

CHICKEN BREASTS IN JELLY. Also

INVALID TURTLE SOUP in Tins.

REAL BERMUDA ARROWROOT.

½ Bottles Champagne.

Choice Old Brandy and Rum, 30 YEARS OLD.

Lists on Application.

FORTNUM & MASON, LTD.,

181, 182, 183, PICCADILLY, W.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S



BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.) Really wholesome Confectionery. Lancet

OLD JUDGE TOBACCO

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using **OLD JUDGE**. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 3s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair **OLD JUDGE** is invaluable.

"Sanitas" 1/- PINT BOTTLES Disinfecting Fluid COLORLESS FRAGRANT NON-POISONOUS ALSO POWDER, SOAPS, EMBROCATION, &c.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruises

by their Steamship

LUSITANIA, 5,312 tons register, 4,000 h.p., For SOUTH OF SPAIN, SICILY, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, MALTA, ALGIERS, &c., leaving London 21st Sept., arriving back 30th Oct. Passengers may leave London as late as the 1st Oct., and overtake the Steamer at Villefranche.

High class cuisine, string band, &c. Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Offices: Fenchurch Avenue. For particulars apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

LEEDS.—Hôtel Métropole NOW open, Comfort, elegance, quiet. Moderate tariff. Thoroughly up to date. Every convenience. "One of the finest hotels out of London."—Leeds Daily News. Two minutes from either station. Unexcelled cuisine. Carefully selected wines. Excellent stock-rooms.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)

PARQUET FLOORS

From 3d. per foot.

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Paneling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

"THE BOONS & BLESSINGS."



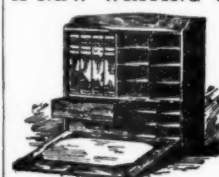
MAGNIVEN & CAMERON, Ltd., EDINBURGH.

BRILL'S

Sea Baths SEA

Bracing and Refreshing. SALT.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.



Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets. No. 931. As illustrated, £2 12s. 0d.

Size 21½ x 21½ x 10½. Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from

H. STONE & SON, Ltd., BANBURY. Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

INFANTS'

Used in the Royal Nurseries. SELF DICESTING. Sold everywhere in Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD.



THE INFLUENCE OF PLACES.

Egeria. "SURELY, MR. SWINSON, IT MUST HAVE BEEN HERE, AND ON SUCH A DAY AS THIS, THAT YOU WROTE THOSE LINES THAT END—

"GIVE ME THE WHITE-MANED STEEDS TO RIDE,
THE ARABS OF THE MAIN '—WASN'T IT?"

Mr. Swinson (faintly). "N-NO. READING PARTY—HALF-WAY UP MATTERHORN!"

BABIES IN THE TRAIN.

THE idea poetically expressed by Mr. ASHBY-STERRY, London's Laureate *par excellence*, in the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday last, August 31, is, as indeed are all the L. L.'s suggestions, excellent. And so practical, not to say practicable! Has he not Solomonesque authority, had he chosen to quote it, for allowing babies to travel, whether by "express" or "slow" it matters not? Did not that exceptionally wise king tell us to, "train up a child in the way it should go," and if this is not a prophetic recommendation as to the means of baby-transit, who can say what is? Admitted that "train up"

does not include a return ticket; in which case it would have been "train up and down;" but still, as far as it goes, the single line suffices. Yet if we are to be over-crowded by the transport of our British infantry forces, would it not be as well to remind pater-and-mater-familias that there are such conveyances as "Bogie-carriages"? Now what child, or what nurse, well up in *Grimm's Goblins* and in ghost stories, would, if they knew it, consent to ride in a "Bogie-carriage"? Heavens! And would it add to their pleasure to be informed that the Bogie-carriage must be visited by an Inn-spectre!! Wouldn't they all be little ASHBYS-terrified?

NEWS À LA MODE DE PARIS.

["The French prefer home news to foreign intelligence."—*Eminent Foreign Critic.*]

SCENE—Interior of Editorial sanctum of a Parisian paper. PRESENT—*Rédacteur en chef* and subordinate member of his staff.

Rédacteur en chef. Well, anything startling for the coming issue?

Sub. No. The usual features—short story, continuation of long one, *réclames*, and columns devoted to music and the drama. Nothing else.

Rédacteur en chef. Anything from England?

Sub. Reported declaration of war against Germany by Sir SALISBURY. Defeat of the British somewhere. BANNERMAN, Esquire, to be the next Lord Mayor.

Rédacteur en chef. Ah! there is nothing startling in all that—except the last. BANNERMAN, Esquire, as Lord Mayor. A new dynasty. Anything from Russia?

Sub. The TSAR loves France.

Rédacteur en chef. And from Germany?

Sub. The Germans are trembling.

Rédacteur en chef. Yes, yes. We have had that paragraph standing for the last twenty years. But are they doing nothing else?

Sub. No, they are doing nothing else.

Rédacteur en chef. And you say we have no item of news of greater importance from abroad?

Sub. Serious famine in India. Revolt in Australia. Ruin in Turkey. Threatened revolution in Switzerland. The commencement of the end in Italy. Sinking of Holland. Civil war between England and Ireland. A cart upset on the boulevards.

Rédacteur en chef. A cart upset on the boulevards! Why did you not tell me that before! Why, it is more important than all the other news put together!

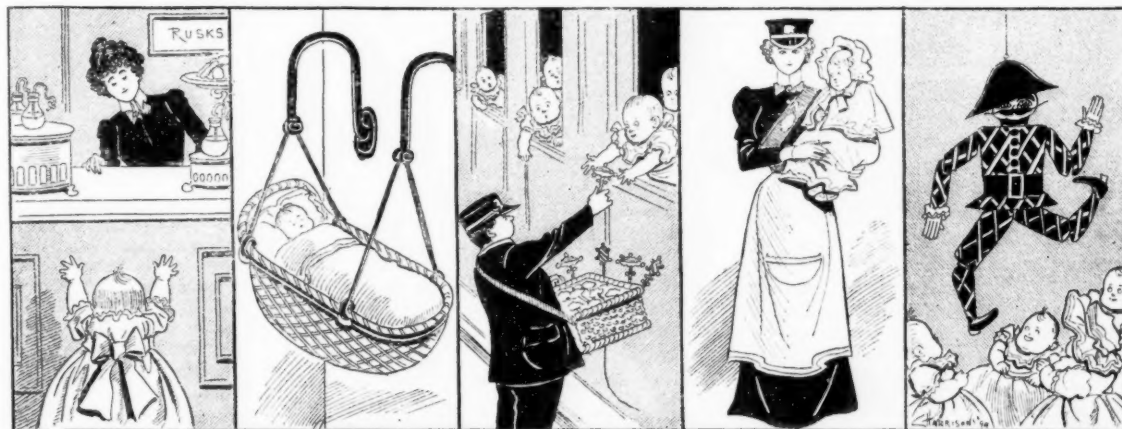
Sub. So I thought, but—

Rédacteur en chef. Don't waste a moment. Let's go to press immediately. Fill the contents-bill with it. Not a moment is to be lost!

[Scene closes in upon a tableau of great animation.]

"THE NURSERY SALOON ON THE RAILWAY."

OUR ARTIST'S NOTION OF WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IF THE SUGGESTION IS ADOPTED.



The Saloon is fitted with Refreshment Bar, replete with all Baby delicacies.

Patent swing sleeping cradles can be secured by wire or letter.

Rattles can be obtained at most of the large stations.

Efficient Nurse Guards, to look after the Babies, travel by all Trains.

The Saloon is fitted with amusing Toys, to beguile the tedium of long journeys.



THE "EXTINCTION" OF SPECIES;
OR, THE FASHION-PLATE LADY WITHOUT MERCY AND THE EGRETS.

THE CANDID SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That modern and suburban life
Can give to husband and to wife.

A sordid villa we will seek
(Ten shillings is the rent per week),
Where you shall dwell the livelong day,
At Shepherd's Bush or Holloway.

There of an evening I will scowl
And smoke my pipe and grunt and growl,
While, as the Pekoe I imbibe,
Our slavey's failings you describe.

There you shall cook and wash and drudge
While I each extra sixpence grudge,
And sallow baby cries and squalls
In unmelodious intervals.

Thus working early, late, and hard,
Dress by degrees you'll disregard,
While I in raiment neat and new
"Keep up appearances" for two.

So shall you grow a vulgar scold,
A slut, and prematurely old.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

THE POINT OF VIEW.—VII.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been reading all this correspondence about 'buses and, as one who spends a large portion of the day in a 'bus, may I be allowed to say that 'buses are far too large and too heavy for comfort? They should be made of bamboo or papier maché, and in every case three or four horses should be employed. The horse is the most important part of the 'bus, though the heedless public don't seem to know it. They want soft seats, stools for their feet, electric light, room for their elbows, &c., &c., and all for the blessed penny!! but never a thought for the poor horses that are pulling them along the slippery wood-pavement! A woman would stop a 'bus every two minutes to save her five yards walking, and the men aren't much better. Ask the driver; he will tell you that it is the stoppings and



the startings that kill the horses. Light 'buses, definite stopping stations, shorter hours and shorter runs—these are the needed reforms, and let the public walk if they don't like 'em.

I am, Dear Mr. Punch, with respect,
A. WHEELER.



File 7/39

'ARRY IN 'OLLAND.

'Arry. "I SAY, BILL, AIN'T HE A RUM LOOKIN' COVE?"

"PENSION," NOT PENSION.

(Fragment from a Romance of the Future, applicable to the Present Holiday Season.)

"You are over sixty-five?" queried the Commissioner.

"I am," replied the Veteran; "nearer seventy than sixty, Sir."

"And yet you did not receive the Old Age Pension?"

"No, Sir, no; I had been as respectable as any of my neighbours. But I am afraid there was a rumour abroad that did me a deal of harm. It was said that I was a thief?"

The aged person shuddered, and buried his livid face in his shaking hands.

The Commissioner paused for a few moments, and then he asked a question.

"Tell me. Mind, it will not be used against you. But tell me truly—were you a thief?"

The old man whispered, and nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Wretched outcast!" cried the Commissioner, shrinking away in disgust; "and what are you going to do for your livelihood in the future?"

Then the old man brushed away his tears and held up his head. His clear blue eye became bright, and there was a smile upon his expressive countenance.

"I can't give up my old habits. Once a thief always a thief. But there is a pleasant future awaiting me. I propose to rob on the highway."

"What, as a modern DICK TURPIN?"

"No," returned the old man, producing a menu, "but as a hotel proprietor!"



Fitznoodle (to Gamekeeper). "WHEN I WAS IN AUSTRALIA, I SHOT THE BIGGEST KANGAROO THE NATIVES SAID THEY EVER SAW!"
Gamekeeper. "HINDEED, SIR! WHAT WAS YOU A-HAIMIN' AT?"

LETTERS TO THE UNIMPORTANT.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO THE REV. W. J. KNOX LITTLE, M.A., CANON OF ROCHESTER.

REVEREND SIR,—It sometimes happens at a time of national crisis that men, themselves of small general importance, force themselves into a particular prominence to which neither their past history nor the position they have up to that time occupied give them any claim. France at this moment is distracted with turbulence and conflict, but the protagonists are obscure men. DREYFUS on the one side, on the other ESTERHAZY, DU PATY DE CLAM, MERCIER, ROGET and the motley rabble of traitors, spies, blue-spectacled emissaries and shrieking Chauvinists—these are the men by whom and round whom the fight is being waged, small men all of them, except, it may be, in their own estimation and that of their immediate adherents. Therefore, I make no excuse, Sir, for addressing you in these columns. It is true that we have not been accustomed hitherto to look to you for guidance in matters of grave public concern. But we stand now upon the brink of war with the South African Republic, and you, a Canon of the Church of England, and therefore presumably a pious and a peaceful man, have addressed your fellow-countrymen on the subject of the crisis in a letter published in the *Times* of August 29, and have declared *urbi et orbi* what is the true canonical view of our duty at this supreme moment. You are thus become in a sense public property, and a perfectly proper subject for public comment.

As it happened, on August 29 I was reading in my *Standard* a telegram from New York, in which an account was given of meetings held at Ocean Grove, "a famous summer resort for the Methodist denomination, of which the President (of the United

States) is a leading member." On a certain Friday, it appears, Mr. MCKINLEY had made a speech before the congregated Methodists, and had announced *inter alia* the intention of his government to carry on the war in the Philippines until the inhabitants had been subdued. The Filipinos, I may mention by the way, have hitherto shown themselves strangely unappreciative of the blessings of American civilisation coupled with American control. Now a spirit of liberty, the desire to arrange their own government in their own way, a bitter resentment of servitude—these, of course, are admirable and holy qualities when displayed by Englishmen or Americans, but that mere Filipinos should aspire to them is not only preposterous in itself, but is so plainly contrary to the intentions of Providence, that every right thinking man is bound to denounce them. So, at least, thought Dr. SCHELL, a dignitary of the Methodist body, who, on the Sunday following the Presidential speech, preached a sermon. In this he said that "when the President spoke about peace with honour and the performance of duty in the Philippines, their souls leapt within them, for they recognised in him the conquering spirit of the old Roman, and the militant and aggressive spirit of Christianity. . . . There were more than one million young men in the Epworth (Methodist) League, and these young men of blood and breeding were ready to march through sand or jungle or fling themselves against the breastworks of the enemy with a hardihood and daring no veteran of the Old Guard or of WELLINGTON'S Iron Brigade could surpass. Mr. MCKINLEY had the prayers of the League that day; he could have their money to-morrow, and on the next day the entire membership of a million would enlist, if need be."

Well, I confess that I turned away from this insolent and blood-thirsty gush with a feeling of nausea. Thank Heaven, I thought to myself, we in England have no Christian minister

DARBY JONES AWAKES ON THE ST. LEGER.

HONoured SIR,—You will no doubt be as surprised as was the Traditional Cat when it escaped from the Proverbial Bag at receiving this communication from your ancient and possibly, nay probably, forgotten Adherent, but nevertheless, I cannot refrain from tipping you a few lines, now that I am once more enabled to employ my digits, on the subject of the glorious Leger. Ah! Sir, writing as I do from a spot reeking with the blood of Hispanian cattle, it does me good to refer to the Northern Epsom, better known to Geographers as Doncaster. It is a Town distinguished for Hard Roads, Hard Going, Hard Food, Hard Men, and Hard Bake, but it is also remarkable for Soft Surprises. As my old friend, the Count, remarked to me last night at the Casino, "Doncaster is as difficult to determine as the age of one's Unmarried Sister."

I will not weary you, Honoured Sir, with my reasons, but, untrammelled with Wireless Telegraphy, I submit the following Doggrel to the appreciation of yourself and your readers:—

The *Duchess of York* may get a place,
 Of the *Crocodile* don't despair,
 But *Reynard* should surely win the race
 With *Cornerake* nearly there!

Such, *Mon Rédacteur*, otherwise Literary and Commercial Conductor, is the augury of Your ever devoted Exile,
 DARBY JONES.

HOW TO LOSE A FORTUNE.—The following advertisement is taken from the *Standard*: "How a Country Lady won and lost small fortune, commencing with little capital. Address, &c." We should imagine a Country Lady would be capable of losing her "little capital" easily enough without having to reply to an advertiser in order to learn how to do it.

who can so far forget his sacred duty of preaching peace and goodwill and the gospel of mercy as to incite his countrymen to bloodshed and rapine and subjugation. American clergymen may do this, but Englishmen—and lo, as I pursued this eminently British and condescending train of thought, my eyes fell upon your letter in the *Times*.

Now, let us understand one another. Those who think as I do are not posing as thick and thin defenders of every action of the Transvaal Republic. We may freely admit that they have made many mistakes, but, even granting for argument's sake that the Transvaal has committed misdeeds far beyond the limits of our admission, we see no ground for war or for the blustering threats that make war more probable. For of what kind would this war be? I can give the answer in words not my own: "A war in South Africa would be one of the most serious wars that could possibly be waged. It would be a long war, a bitter war and a costly war, and, as I have pointed out already, I believe generations would hardly be able to blot it; and to go to war with President KRÜGER, to enforce upon him reforms in the internal affairs of his State, in which Secretaries of State, standing in their place, have repudiated all right of interference—that would be a course of action which would be immoral." These are not the words of a despised Little Englander; they were spoken in the House of Commons in 1896 by that great Panjandrum, Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN himself, and no word of mine can add to their force or increase their value.

But evidently, as I must admit with sorrow, they do not express the opinion of at least one Reverend Canon of Rochester, for when Dr. NEWMAN HALL announced his intention of rallying the members of the Free Churches to protest against war, he roused a red-hot passion of indignation in your ecclesiastical breast. Here are some of the gems from your effusion: "Stringent measures are needed. . . . War is sometimes a duty, and never could the duty be more clear than in this case unless the Boers attend to the just demands of their suzerain. . . . Crimes may be engendered by an over love of peace. . . . If there be one plain duty for Great Britain it is to be careful how far she diplomazizes with men whose word can never be trusted, and who will evade any engagement," and so forth, and so forth, until the astounded reader, his senses reeling under this terrific rush, this lava torrent of blood-desiring fury, sees at last the signature, not of "MILES," or "MAJOR-GENERAL (retired)," or "A COLONEL OF VOLUNTEERS," but of W. J. KNOX LITTLE.

Sir, you strangely mistake your duty. You were ordained to preach mercy and peace. By the creed you profess, by the vows you have taken, by the cloth you wear (even when writing letters to the *Times*), you are bound to do what you can to win men from wrath and the turbulent passion for conflicts to the ways of conciliation and charity. Rash words, stormy incitements, and warlike appeals, that might be pardonable in other men, become rank offences in those of your profession. You, forsooth, must hound your fellow-countrymen on to war and the shedding of blood; you, a servant of the Prince of Peace, must, it seems, pour contempt on the efforts of another who speaks for peace. Let there be widows and orphans, you cry, and brave men tortured by ghastly wounds out of all human shape; let there be fire and ruin and desolation where now are happy homes and quiet prosperity. These, in your view, are the demands of Christianity and philanthropy and manliness. I venture, with a humble deference, to dissent from you, and I add this in conclusion, that of all incongruous and intolerable spectacles, the least congruous and the least tolerable to my mind is that of a clergyman shouting at the top of his clerical lungs for bloodshed.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, THE VAGRANT.

"We are all worms!" cried an itinerant preacher, addressing a sea-faring community on the beach. "I, my friends, am a mere worm!"

"Shouldn't 'spec' to do much with yer as bait," growled an elderly fisherman, lighting his pipe and strolling away.

Q. To what species arboris does the lessee of Her Majesty's belong?

A. The Pop'lar TREE.

AN EQUIVALENT IN A PROVERB.—"A taper waist," i.e. "Burning a candle at both ends."

A SUBJECT WHICH NEEDS TO BE VENTILATED.—The London 'bus.



"MUMMY, CAN I HAVE THAT PEAR THAT WAS ON THE DINING-ROOM SIDEBOARD THIS MORNING? 'Cos—"
[Pause.]
"BECAUSE WHAT?" " 'Cos I'VE EATEN IT!"

HOW TO BE HOT AND HAPPY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—So much has been written about the recreation of the people, that I am sure you will willingly allow me to add my own experiences in this direction. On a very sultry day, when exertion is distasteful to the most athletic, it is a little difficult to select a sport that is not distressing from a purely physical point of view. I claim to have solved the problem.

I went, the other day, to Hampton Court when the sun caused ninety degrees to register in the shade, and selected a small rowing boat just large enough to seat two and a luncheon basket. The case of comestibles was carried by my second son—a young gentleman able to wield the willow, and hold his own as an oarsman.

We started at ten o'clock, and until one were hard at work causing our frail bark to proceed between the treeless banks at a speed which, if it did not surpass that of the express train, at any rate compared favourably with the progress of the "growler."

As we had made our progress I had noted the riparian residences with their pretty gardens, and the picturesque race-course of Kempton Park. After our four hours' labour it was not extraordinary that we should feel the pangs of hunger and thirst. So, mooring our boat to a bank under some bushes, we divided the contents of our basket into two heaps. I as the elder consumed the larger portion.

Then, thoroughly refreshed, we ported our helm—I think that is the correct term—and made our way back to Hampton Court. We got within the welcome shadow of the walls facing the old palace of the Cardinal and rested. We had been hard at work for eight hours—the chosen day of exertion of the artizan—and yet I was fresh and cool.

And now it may be said, that possibly the labour had not been shared equally—that, perchance, my son had had the lion's share of the toil. Nothing could be further from the truth. My son rowed all the eight hours—but I steered.

Yours contentedly, A PORTLY PHILANTHROPIST.



IN DORSETSHIRE.

Fair Cyclist. "IS THIS THE WAY TO WAREHAM, PLEASE?" *Native.* "YES, MISS, YEW SEEM TO ME TO HA' GOT 'EM ON ALL RIGHT!"

AN OPEN LETTER.

From Britannia Minima to an English Utlander.

[The following, supposed to have been intended for publication in the *Daily Chronicle*, fell into the hands of *Mr. Punch's* Depreciator, who forwards it to his Editor.]

How I could love you! You have all,
Or nearly all, the salient points
That ever held my heart in thrall,
That ever pierced my corset-joints!
How I could love you! How, in fact, these
eyes
Would dote on you—if things were other-
wise!

You cry in vain for Freedom's rights,
You are, that is to say, oppressed;
This thought, especially at nights,
Weighs on my woman's yearning chest;
You cry, and no-one pays the least regard;
This seems to me particularly hard.

You ask for Justice, nothing more;
Merely demand your Manhood's due,
Whose hands, by labour at the ore,
Have built a bankrupt State anew;
I hold it noxious to a nation's health
To slight the working-men that make her
wealth.

You only look for honest laws,
For suffrage—this I always like;
You represent a righteous cause,
But have, alone, no strength to strike;

It is, I hope, notorious how my heart
Sides regularly with the weaker part.

It aches—in theory—for you
On whom a tyrant's henchmen sit;
No Great Assassin, that is true,
But still a shocking hypocrite:
This sentiment should move my heart to
love,
But actually doesn't (see above).

For I have firmly steeled my face
To those enumerated charms
Which would, in any other case,
Have landed you within my arms,
And made me love you for your piteous lot,
Had you been some one else—which you
are not.

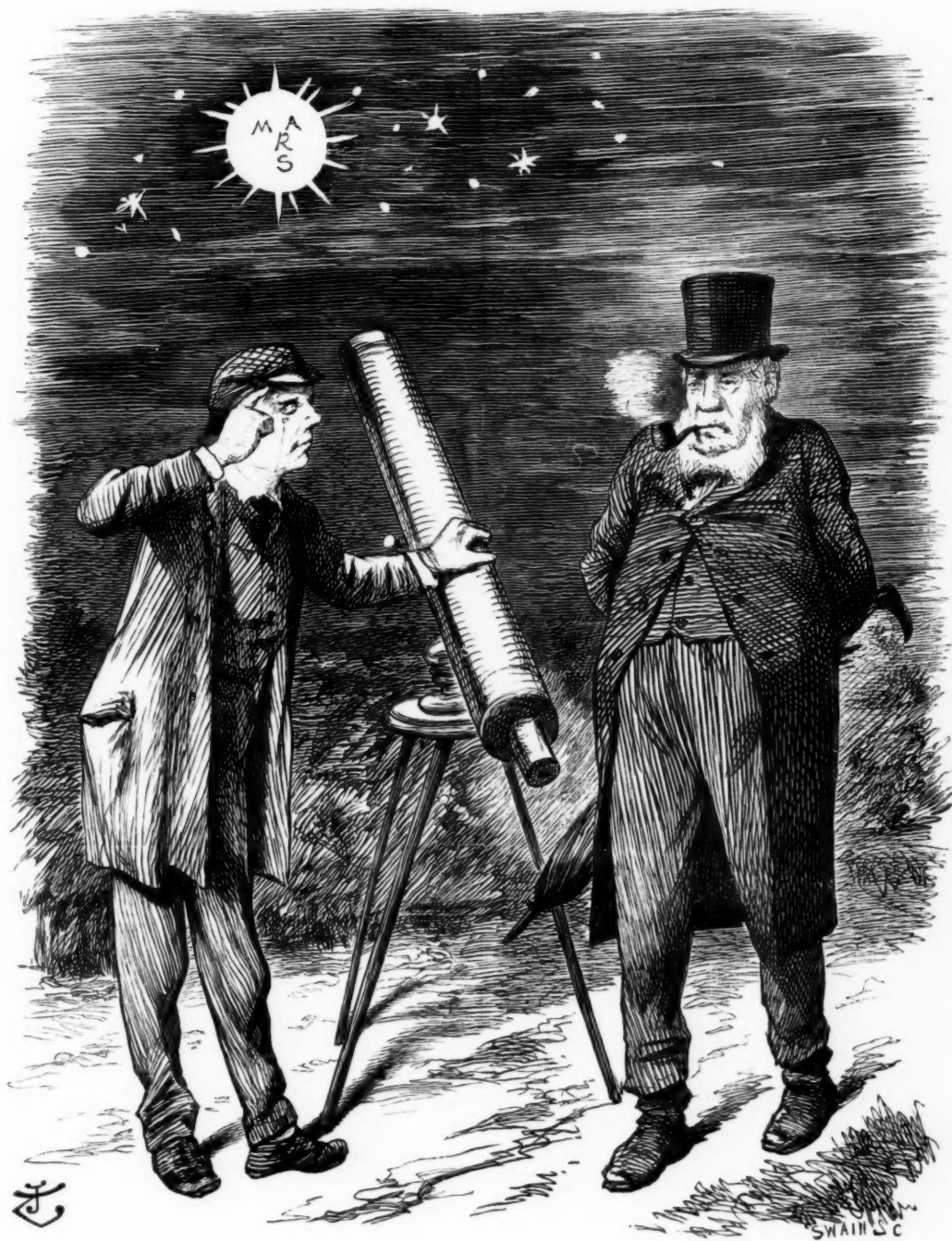
Had you belonged, we'll say, to Crete,
Or sprung of pure Armenian blood,
How would my Christian pulse have beat
To contemplate you eating mud!
I would have had the sea's ensanguined
face
Strewn with the relics of the tyrant's race.

Or had you been of Finnish birth,
Doomed to indulge a Czar's decree,
I would have canvassed half the earth
Calling aloud on Liberty;
For you I would have fought (I like to
think)
Till I had shed my latest drop—of ink.

But you are neither Greek nor Finn,
But merely English—bear in mind;
Which means that I am "more than kin,"
And consequently "less than kind";
Though I could love you well for Freedom's
sake,
Here is a principle that stands at stake.

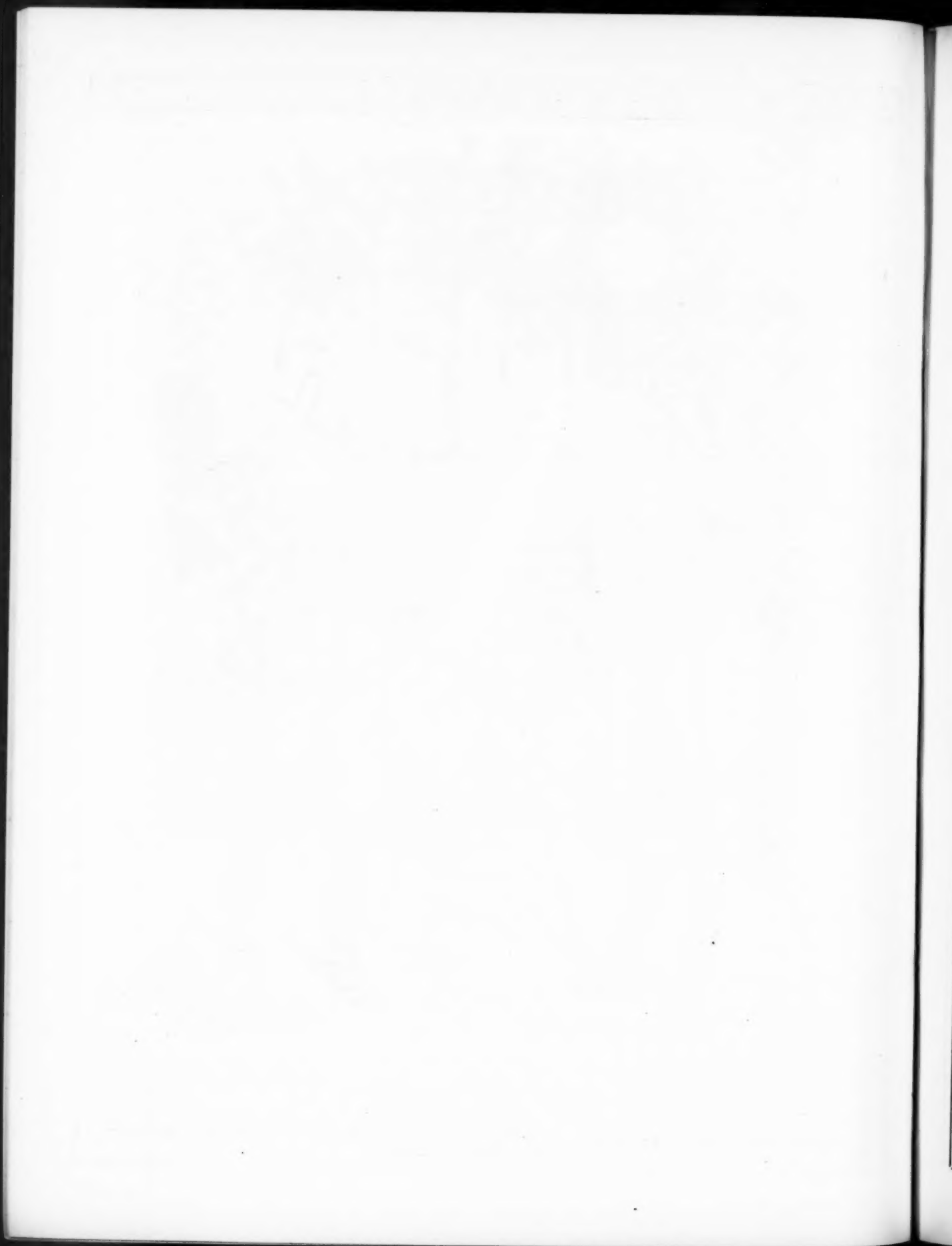
Attractive as your efforts are
To cleanse the wrong, to clear the shame,
Between us lies a fatal bar—
This matter of your birth and name;
About your neck my arms incline to cling,
But you are English! That's the damning
thing!

SUGGESTION.—If these "Bravo Toro" shows are to be continued, our old friend Boulogne had better adopt English spelling, and call itself "Bull-ogne." Of course, whether there are to be bull-fights at this favourite French watering-place cannot concern foreigners; it is all a question of whether the show pays or not. That the representatives of JOHN BULL, visitors and residents, should content themselves by staying away and refusing to patronise this so-called "entertainment," would be a sufficiently practical expression of opinion without making any uncalled-for comments on the self-chosen amusements of the French "round and about this quarter."



THE WAR PLANET.

COLONIAL JOE. "LIKE TO 'AVE A LOOK AT MARS, YER 'ONOUR? YER SEEM TO SEE 'IM QUITE CLOSE THROUGH MY TELESCOPE!"



A CASTLE LINER.

(Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.)

R.M.S. Kinfauns Castle. In the Clyde, Thursday.—The Member for Sark well remembers his first voyage to the Cape. Mentions no date, but evidently some years ago. It was on board the *Hoyden*, a barque of 280 tons, and among the passengers was CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. He wasn't a Cap'en then, but made up for the deficiency by having the regulation number of arms and legs, since laid on the altar of his country and there calcined.

Even in those early days the sitting Member for King's Lynn was remarkable for his mental and physical activity. SARK recalls a curious instance. One evening when the *Hoyden* was restlessly rocking amid the Roaring Forties, TOMMY, lolling astride a water-cask, reading the *Life of Pitt*, suddenly started and listened intently. Softly dropping the volume into the lee scuppers, he ran aft along the taffrail till he reached the jib-boom. Skirting it half a point to starboard, he listened again. At six bells he tacked and resumed his old position.

"What were you up to?" SARK asked.

"Nothing," said TOMMY, disconsolately. "I thought I heard HICKS-BEACH making a bargain with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

It is another and a trivial story. Only it shows how the man is father to the boy.

The contrast between the *Hoyden* and the *Kinfauns Castle*, latest *château en Fenchurch Street*, is as marked as was the difference between the Ark and the *Mayflower*, in which Sir BASHMEAD-ARTLETT's forefathers fared forth to found Empire in the West, and pick up anything going in the way of tramway and electric lighting concessions.

"That's where blood tells," said the Sultan of TURKEY, turning over some documents accompanying a bound copy of BASHMEAD's speeches in the House of Commons and elsewhere.

Off the Lizard, Friday.—Whether regarded as a fleet cruiser or as a comfortable seaside country-house, the *Kinfauns Castle* is A 1 at LLOYD'S. Ten thousand tons burden, she can do her eighteen knots without turning a hair on the captain's head. Sailing through Summer seas—out of the fog in the Clyde into the sunset, presently into the moonlight against which Ailsa Craig suddenly uplifts herself, a dark purple shadow—there is no perceptible motion. Only the rippling of the water at the bows, and the long lines of stricken sea spreading in miniature waves of foam under the stately tread of the great ship. Of course this is rare Summer weather. Between Southampton and Madeira, across the Bay of Biscay, there will be times of trial. Doubtless the *Kinfauns Castle* will be equal to them.

In matter of decoration the latest Castle Liner has made a new departure, achieved a new success. The Lord High Admiral, DON CURRIE, has gone outside trodden pathways. Ignoring usual ship decorators has placed interior of vessel in hands of able young house architect with ideas. Consequence is, dining, saloon, drawing-room, above all smoking-room, more like home ashore than a ship at sea. Smoking-room, the gem of the collection, is designed after manner of old Dutch interior, with walls panelled in oak, stained green, cun-



Parent (left in charge). "No, YOU CANNOT HAVE ANY MORE CAKE." (Very seriously.) "DO YOU KNOW WHAT I SHALL HAVE TO DO IF YOU GO ON MAKING THAT DREADFUL NOISE?" Little Girl (sobbing). "Yes." Parent. "WELL, WHAT IS THAT?" Little Girl. "GIVE ME SOME MORE CAKE!"

[And she was quite right.]

nally inlaid with ebony. The bar, designed in character, has artistic attractions that would be irresistible even to Sir WILFRID LAWSON.

Here, as in the dining saloon and drawing-room, instead of the round porthole familiar on ship board you have large square windows, divided into four dainty panes by bars of ivory-tinted wood. Moreover there are at the side of the lofty dome-shaped roof two ravishing dormer windows, the like of which was never seen on sea, rarely on land.

The Solent, Saturday.—Last time I voyaged under the flag of the Lord High Admiral of the Castle Line was on the historic occasion when Mr. GLADSTONE went in the *Tantallon Castle* to view the opening of the Kiel Canal. A great deal has happened since then, including a great eclipse. Only DON CURRIE is unchanged. Perhaps a little ruddier in the cheek, a little brighter in the eye, an added sprightliness in his gait. Looking at him the other day, prancing up and down the saloon, orating to a company largely composed of Glasgow citizens assembled to

celebrate the launch of the *Kinfauns Castle*'s sister ship, SARK whispered to me, "What an actor the stage lost when DON CURRIE took to ship owning!"

The Fenchurch Street fleet now numbers twenty Castles, not in the air or in Spain, but carrying Her Majesty's mails (and some females) at sea.

"What will you do for more names if you go on building at this rate?" I asked DON CURRIE. "You must have got near the end of the list of Castles."

"Ah!" said DON CURRIE, with that far-away look in blue eyes that only bards and Highland men can summon, "there is, you know, always the Elephant and Castle."

At Doncaster.

Enthusiastic Sportsman (to fair American). Ah! Miss STRIPES, aren't you delighted to visit this classic spot?

Fair American. Wa'al, to tell the truth, I'm right disappointed with the candy you call butter-scotch. Give me pop-corn for choice. [And she had been invited to see the Leger run.]

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



ARMS FOR THOMAS, BARON LIPTON OF SANDY HOOK.

Arms: Quarterly: 1st, A typical English fishing-boat (recently observed on the coast of Norfolk) smacking somewhat, surely, of réclame, shabby and odious to the last (no relation we trust to the bearer of these arms, though apparently poaching on his preserves); 2nd, Crossing a bar sable, a greyhound of the sea, volant under a bend proper of canvas, prodigious in acreage, resisting, in this case, temptation to advertisement, bearing a crew "selected from the best tea-growing—I beg pardon!—sea-going countries," pitted in rivalry against a champion starry strip to the full; 3rd, a virginal racing-yacht proper, "direct from the producers," docked skirting and modestly draped below the water-line, surreptitiously sealed and boarded in stealth by a yellow journalist, under a great press of canvas, infringing rules, disregardant notice "We guarantee correct measure without Wrapper" (*Motto:* "Quis deorsum volo videre!"—"I am resolved to look at what is beneath!"); 4th, On a course wavy aquamarine, buoyed proper, of contest, a horde of trippers in frenzy, transported in packets at popular prices, warned urgent against encroachment, but pushant and shovant like the deuce, screaming shrilly with sirens. *Crest:* On a steam-yacht erinois of luxury, under a flag vert semée with trefoils, a sporting knight ("Limited") mercantile, stalwart rosy chirpy on the beam, "Popular in every Home," regardant over the counter from habit, and chantant hopeful in advance a Ceylon plantation-song of victory—query? (*Motto:* "Jam Dudum paraties sum."—"I have made every kind of provision.").

Supporters:—respecting each other in desuetude—Dexter, a bull at gaze radiant in expectancy (with a "bit on") somewhat debauched of late in the field of sport; Sinister, an heraldic Jonathan yanquedudulois, navally gorged with laurels, sportanlike and princely in hospitality, if prone to triumph somewhat unduly. (*Second motto:* "We guarantee the public an exhilarating cup.")

MR. PUNCH'S REPRESENTATIVE AT RENNES.

THE deeply interesting despatches which Mr. Punch received from his Principal Foreign Correspondent last week, threw light on many remarkable phases of the present situation in France, without the endless repetition of purely local facts noticeable in some of the descriptive reports from Rennes. It would ill become Mr. Punch to extol the merits of his Principal Foreign Correspondent, a man whose dauntless courage is only equalled by his luminous insight and varied talents, but it is impossible to avoid mention, which implies praise, of his absolutely unequalled skill in noting the side issues and distant ramifications of any matter

which he may be investigating. It will be observed that, following this system, he is now studying the great trial from the northern coast of the Channel.

HAVRE.—This town is still peaceful, but the weather being showery I have remained indoors. Finding a copy of last Wednesday's *Times*, I read the remarks of the Special Correspondent of that journal at Rennes on the evidence of M. DE FREYCINET. Have hitherto cultivated a short, crisp style in my despatches. However, I can indulge in long sentences, such as those in the *Times*, when I wish. Here is a short comment on the bathing-machines at Trouville, in the more ornate manner:—

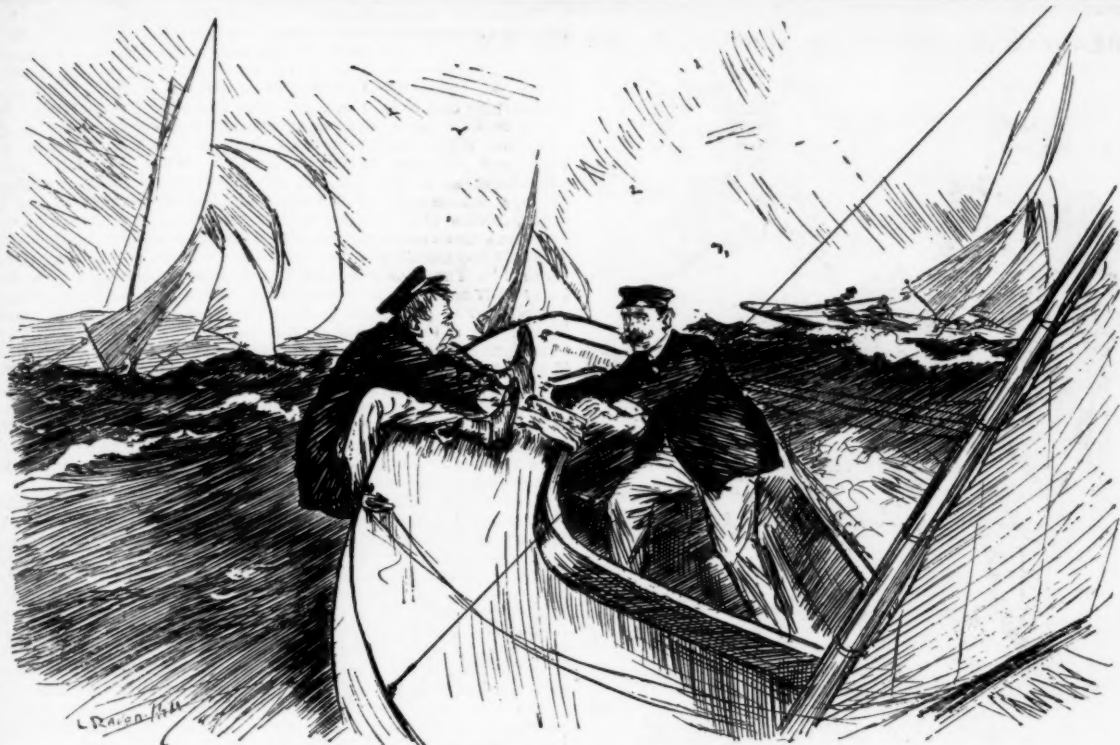
At the close of this morning's bath, meditating on the innumerable vicissitudes of human life while tying my boot-lace in a

bathing-machine constructed in the lightest fashion of upright canvas sides rising above a flat, rectangular wooden floor, supported on small round wheels—a bathing-machine divided into two portions each almost a yard square, and therefore far from spacious, in fact, decidedly small, and nevertheless called a *cabine de luxe*—a bathing-machine, I say, in which, although of ordinary proportions, I disrobed with difficulty in semi-Stygian darkness, and whence, while the playful zephyr blew lightly through my scanty vesture, I stepped down into water an inch deep only to leap rapidly into the air, in the manner of Venus rising from the foam, on discovering a solitary sharp pebble immediately under the large too of my right foot—a bathing-machine, I repeat, which like the rosy flush of the sunset sky, or the blue glory of the hyacinths in the vernal woods, received my tired senses with a soothing caress while I sat on its exiguous bench and clasped my injured extremity, until such time as I was able to venture forth again into that azure flood which laves the chalk cliffs of Albion and the calcareous coasts of Gaul, whence, invigorated by the gentle touch of the saline deep, I returned, and, rapidly entering by the door, fell over a foot-bath of hot water placed in the diminutive cabin by the bath attendant during my absence, fell over it so suddenly that my head, violently projected against the opposite side of the vehicle, penetrated the canvas, and burst forth upon the outer world to the speechless amazement of an obese French lady seated in the immediate vicinity—in fact, about six inches away—upon a camp-stool under a white umbrella, in such manner that my hands, vainly seeking my release, tore down from the internal pegs the greater portion of my raiment into the hot water, some of which had already filled my boots, from which unpleasant position I was ultimately removed by the bath attendant, who, in a decidedly Delegorquesque manner, pulled me out backwards by the ankles—and which (I still refer to the bathing-machine—I frequently use a parenthesis [occasionally several parentheses together])—the bathing-machine of Trouville, I say, was—the bathing-machine of Trouville, I repeat, is by no means luxurious.

I also can write elegantly, and at considerable length. But after demonstrating this, will resume style less costly for telegrams.

HAVRE is tranquil, but civil war might break out even here. Boats to England cross only at night. A correspondent must be prepared to undergo any hardship. But night passage is not pleasant. Shall therefore leave Havre.

FÉCAMP.—This town is, if possible, more tranquil. Placid middle-class matrons knitting on the beach, surrounded by innocent children. Evidently no immediate danger of revolution. Join the *table-d'hôte* at the modest hotel. Perhaps an opportunity for investigations. Quiet, pleasant man next to me. Chat with him on various subjects. Quite a gentleman. Therefore not ROCHEFORT, or JUDET, or DRUMONT, or any one like that. At last he mentions that he is a *Colonel en retraite*. He knows several of the generals. He begins to speak of Captain DREYFUS, very quietly. He calls the execrable ESTERHAZY, an *voyou*. Am becoming interested, when it dawns upon me that I may be led into some



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Extract from Diary.—"WEDNESDAY. WENT FOR A SPIN OR TRIP, OR WHATEVER IT'S CALLED, ON BOWLINES' NEW RACING YACHT. FELT VERY NERVOUS WHEN WE TURNED THE CORNERS; NEARLY FELL OVERBOARD WHILE I WAS TRYING TO BALANCE THE THING; THOUGHT WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DROWNED. B. SAID IT WAS A WONDER WE WEREN'T—THANKS TO ME! HAD A FEW WORDS WITH B. *Mem.*—NEVER AGAIN!"

[N.B.—B. says the same.]

dangerous expression of opinion. Fécamp is a small, remote town. No British Consul. There is a British Chaplain, who has just finished his dinner in this very room, but how could he protect me? Become alarmed. Catch last train to Rouen.

ROUEN.—There is a good hotel here, but the head waiter, a man with a long face and long black whiskers, is more lugubrious than any undertaker I ever saw. Most depressing. Cannot stand that head-waiter. Shall leave.

BRIGHTON.—Arrived here in perfect safety. Shall continue to transmit the latest intelligence.

(Received as we go to Press).—Nothing has happened. Still to reach Rennes.

SOLILOQUIES.

(Recorded by Mr. Punch's Phonograph.)

II.—AT A LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

RATHER foolish of me to agree to umpire for this match, but that secretary fellow wouldn't let me escape. . . . However, darsay it's simple enough. "Ladies' handicap singles, Miss VERJUICE v. Miss SINGLETON." Feel rather conspicuous, seated on chair placed on top of table. . . . Yes, I'm quite ready, please begin. . . . What? Haven't got the names down on the score-sheet? And I've got to mark every stroke on it? . . . Oh, really, that's absurd, you know. . . . What a ridiculous

fuss to make about a wretched game! . . . Yes, I've written down your names. No, I haven't got the odds—didn't know there were any. . . . Miss Verjuice owes five-sixths of fifteen! Now what the dickens does that mean? Five-sixths of fifteen—five fifteens are seventy-five—that's seventy-five sixths, that's twelve-and-a-half. All right, Miss VERJUICE owes twelve-and-a-half something or other. Mustn't give myself away by asking any more questions; will get the secretary to subtract the twelve-and-a-half-whatever-it-is at the end. Play! . . . There, Miss SINGLETON's won four strokes straight off, so that's her game. . . . Quite easy to umpire, after all. . . . Better make some scratches on the score-sheet. . . . Hullo, they're changing ends! Here, you mustn't do that till the end of a set. . . . Oh, change after each alternate game, do you? Well, I've played fairly often at garden-parties, and I've never seen that done! . . . "This isn't a garden-party," Miss VERJUICE? . . . No, worse luck; in that case I should be in a shady corner with something to drink, instead of being perched up here. . . . Fifteen-love! . . . What's the matter now? Love-all? How can it be when Miss VERJUICE has just won a stroke? . . . She owes fifteen this game? Oh, yes, of course, of course. Stupid of me to forget. . . . Seems to me they're made the game horribly complicated now-a-days—very different from what it was when I learnt it first that summer at the BATTLEBY's, ever so many

years ago. By the way, wonder what's become of BATTLEBY? Didn't some one tell me that he went out to the Cape or. . . . Eh? what's that? Oh, er—well, it was a near thing, a very near thing, but, on the whole, I'm rather inclined to think—of course it was yards out, and you want to know if the score's thirty-four or forty-three? . . . 'Pon my word, haven't the least idea—suppose you toss up? . . . Really, Miss VERJUICE, I don't see why you should be so angry—about a little thing like that, too! I'm not umpiring for my own pleasure, I assure you! . . . Beastly ungrateful these women are. And I shall get a sunstroke most likely, all for the sake of their wretched match. . . . That's game, anyhow, and the score is four-three, or three-four—just which you like to call it. . . . "The proper way to call it is 'Four-three, Miss Verjuice wins'!" Nonsense! How do I know Miss VERJUICE is going to win? Besides, I've got to deduct twelve-and-a-half from her score presently. . . . Thank goodness, there's the secretary. . . . Hi! look here, I can't umpire any more—no, impossible, really—most important engagement. . . . Could I score for some mixed doubles this afternoon? . . . Well, no, afraid I can't. . . . Should like to, immensely, but can't spare the time. . . . The score-sheet? Yes, you'll find it on the chair. . . . And a nice lot he'll be able to make out of it! He won't catch me coming near the ground again while this tournament's on!



H. Hoagson.

AN OBVIOUSLY UNKIND INQUIRY.

Brown (to Jones, who has, for the first time, been trying his hand at fishing from a boat). "WELL, OLD CHAP, WHAT SORT O' SPORT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

RARELY have I come across a more disappointing book than *On Account of Sarah* (MACQUEEN), by EYRE HUSSEY. If there be any one who ought to know how to write about such a horridly wicked little prig as is this Sarah it would naturally be a "hussy." It begins capitally and originally, yet the form of narrative adopted, with a "chorus" intervening, is apt to puzzle the reader as much as, evidently, after a little while, it has hampered the author. The story goes to pieces about the middle, and then picks itself up again with a sensational scene towards the finish.

How much excellent literary work has not been expended and, alas, wasted, by VIOLET TWEEDALE on *The Kingdom of Mammon*, a novel published by JOHN LONG. Much as the Baron dislikes its tone and object, and in some few instances the vulgarity of its style, yet he must own that, taken altogether, it is an exceptionally powerful work. But whether its effect be for evil or for good is, as Sam Weller puts it, "according to the taste and fancy of the speller." The matter of the story is reminiscent of ANTHONY TROLLOPE in his *Barchester Towers* humour, only brought up to date by the infusion of a taste of GEORGE MOORE-ishness, which imparts a kind of free-and-easy outspoken spice to its general insipidity. The authoress on one occasion happily coins a word which is decidedly expressive, and admirably suits her purpose; the word is "Churchianity," which she introduces as opposed to what she evidently understands by "Christianity." Had the authoress given the book an explanatory sub-title, it might have read thus: *The Kingdom of Mammon; or, Some Dreary Deists, a Dean, a Dame, and a Doubting Doctor*. What was intended to be the grand effective climax, the scene of which is laid in Canterbury Cathedral, is, from an artistic point of view, a blunder. ANTHONY TROLLOPE knew his business better than this, and no Bishop of Imaginary Barchester would ever have been concreted into a real Archbishop of Canterbury. As to the existence of such types in the Anglican Church as the authoress has pictured, the Baron has considerable doubts; they may be veritable portraits, or only emanations from VIOLET TWEEDALE'S inner consciousness; but, imaginary or real, they are very cleverly drawn.

Caramella (ARROWSMITH) is just delightful. Of late the Englishman who accidentally drops in upon a foreign Principality, and by swift steps ascends the throne, is like the poor inasmuch as he is always with us. Mr. HAWTREY follows the familiar lines, but they fall in the pleasantest of places, and assume quite new curves and angles. The island of Caramella is lotus land, and we make the acquaintance of a crowd of charming people. It is a land where all the men are, though not brave, big, and all the women beautiful. When the hero, *Jack Fanshawe*, as the last episode in a career of dazzling adventure brings ashore a squad of British bluejackets to restore him to his position of President of the Republic, the beauty of the women proved embarrassing. In vain the lieutenant in command, himself hopelessly smitten, called out, "Eyes front, men! Eyes front!" The bluejackets did their best to obey. But, as Mr. HAWTREY says, there are moments when the most magnificent discipline is powerless to keep the eyes under control. Caramella has a Foreign Office, but holds no communication with Foreign Powers; it has a Colonial Office, but no colonies; a paper currency, but no gold reserve; a Chancellor of the Exchequer, but no system of taxation; an army, but no arms. Nobody works, but every one is well off, eats the lotus in the afternoon, and is serenely happy. Here and there my Baronite detects intent of determined satire at the expense of another island home. In the main it is exquisite fooling, never degenerating into the merely practical.

It is evident that had not JULES VERNE written his wonder stories, *The Great Pirate Syndicate*, by GEORGE GRIFFITH (F. V. WHITE & Co.), would never have seen the light. Apt though the disciple be, the Baron's Retainer thinks he has been overbold in treading the path where the master led so brilliantly. The main theme is fascinating, and has been conceived with a big imagination; the description of the first launch of the wonderful aerial destroyer holds us spell-bound as we read, and the mighty machinations of the British Syndicate that starve out the rest of Europe fairly make our brains reel. But there are fatal gaps in the exposition of the story that we clamour to have filled up—difficulties that we want expounded; and the extent to which the author calls in the aid of coincidence to help him along is—well, there! as *Dick Phenyl* used to say.

Infelix, by Lady DUNTZE (JOHN LONG), is a pathetic little story, told, perhaps, with more heart than brain, yet told well and simply, with no great pretention, yet no straining after dramatic situation or effect—just a little sad story of human frailties, by an authoress who has known how to temper her treatment to her theme.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE DECAY OF THE KILT.

Mr. Briggs loquitur:

I AM going down to Scotland, to the country of the kilt, For a little salmon-stalking in a place they call Glen Tilt; And as I always like to be a Roman when at Rome, I've purchased the correct costume and it has just come home.

The kilt is most becoming, and it hangs with grace and ease, Though perhaps a little draughty in the region of the knees, And if there should be midges—but no doubt the Scotch are drest

In the clothes Experience has found to suit the climate best.

The dirk that dangles from my waist looks very *comme il faut*, And the sporran in my stocking gives a finish, don't you know? The girls are all in raptures as they gaze at me in turns, And mother says they'll take me for another ROBERT BURNS.

Sandy loquitur:

Oh, mony are the fallacies that Ignorance 'll breed, An' mony the mistakes a man 'll get intil his heid, But the maddest o' delusions mad wi' which some folks are illt, Is that ye suld gang tae Scotland, gin ye want to see the kilt.

For a' the year I hevna seen a single kilt but ane— A wee bit white-legged Coackney wha' was trudgin' through the rain;

The water it was pourin' owre his knees intil his shoes, An' eh! but he was wishin' for a pair o' honest trews.

Na! gin it's kilts ye're wantin', dinna win sae mony miles! Jist bide at hame in Lunnoun toun and gang tae Seven Dials, An' there amang the coasters, hurdy-gurdies, dancin' bears, Ye'll fin' yer bogus Scotsmen pipin' bogus Scottish airs.

QUERY BY AN IGNORANT LAIC.—Is it the special duty of a Cathedral dignitary known as "A Minor Canon" always to read or intone the service in a sad key? [Qy. Is there "A Major" Canon?]